

Cooling Yer Heels

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Cooling Yer Heels

by [Bordementions](#)

Summary

Taiki and her trainer have a fun day at the western themed school festival

Notes

Waowzer bowsers very fun character to write lmao but I wouldn't bet on any other taiki fics any time soon. Just wanted to get this one out of the way. Very fluffilicious though so I'll have to balance it out with some kind of miserable awful terrible catastrophic thing happening to opera later.

Anyways feast on my trainer yuri my children

Don't ask about the sheer amount of yeehaws I used I needed something to fill in space and I'm new to this go easy on me

<https://discord.gg/XqJzJ6ByTz>

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

The stack of official Tracen Academy performance logs on your desk was easily four inches thick, normally not that big of a deal. Given enough time and the right environment, you could easily bang something like that out in a single afternoon.

The real obstacle that was currently preventing you from getting any actual work done was the one shaking the entire structural foundation of your office.

When you signed on as a dedicated trainer, they warned you all about the physical aspects that came with working with umamusume. They mentioned the speed, the endurance, and the fact that a all of these racers could easily top out at near seven to eight feet tall.

What the orientation pamphlets conveniently left out, however, was the sheer, localized atmospheric pressure of a homesick American cowgirl who had just been released early from her afternoon lectures.

"Please, please, pleeease, Trainer! Just look-see at the flyer one more time!"

Taiki Shuttle was practically draping her upper body over the edge of your desk. Her wild, wavy golden ponytail whipped through the air, the star-shaped clip catching the overhead lights of the office. Her fluffy, ears were pinpoint straight in a display of theatrical desperation, twitching with every heavy breath she took. Up close, the sheer scale of her was dizzying—her round, sky-blue eyes were the size of saucers, staring down at you with a suffocating level of puppy-dog intensity.

"Taiki, I can see the flyer perfectly fine from here," you sighed, trying to keep your eyes locked on the budget spreadsheet for next month's simulated trials. "In fact, I can see it in my sleep. You've held it up to my face six times in the last twenty minutes."

"But the early bell already rang! Everybody is moseyin' on down to the plaza!" Taiki whined, her voice a booming, honeyed Southern drawl that rattled the pens in your drawer. She dropped her chin onto her long, brown leather gloves, planting her elbows right on top of a stack of pending medical clearance forms. The fringe on her mid-forearm cuffs brushed against your knuckles. "The whole campus went ahead and built a real-deal frontier town right in the courtyard! There's gonna be a lasso showdown, a horseshoe toss, and a barbecue so big you can smell the hickory from the front gates! You can't just sit here countin' numbers while the party of the century is kickin' off!"

You leaned back in your chair, looking up—and up, and up—at the creature currently hijacking your afternoon. Even in her casual uniform, Taiki's presence was utterly commanding, a towering wall of muscle, sun-kissed skin, and boundless, hyperactive energy. The close-knit friendship you two had forged over months of grueling dawn workouts and late-night strategy sessions meant she had absolutely zero concept of personal space.

"The festival is student-organized, Taiki. It's meant for you guys to blow off steam before the winter qualifiers," you reminded her, tapping your pen against your chin. "The staff are only there to make sure nobody accidentally kicks a hole through the main pavilion."

"No way, no how! It ain't a party without my favorite partner!" Taiki let out a dramatic, soul-crushing groan, dropping her head completely onto the desk with a heavy thud that caused your coffee mug to rattle. Her tail swished aggressively behind her, brushing against the filing cabinets. "If you don't come, I'm just gonna be a lonely lil' tumbleweed out there. I'll be so sad my boots won't even wanna run tomorrow! You wouldn't want your star racer to get all rusty-hearted, would ya?"

She peeked up through her messy blonde sidelocks, those eyes turning incredibly soft, glistening with a manipulative sweetness that she knew damn well you couldn't resist. She was a self-proclaimed hug machine, a girl who practically fueled her internal engine on mutual affection and shared excitement. Leaving her to wander a Wild West festival alone felt like committing a federal crime.

You looked at the clock on your monitor, then at the massive stack of paperwork, and finally at the giant, pouty cowgirl currently holding your desk hostage.

"Fine," you groaned, a traitorous smile breaking through your disciplined facade. "You win."

"Yeeeeeee-haw!"

Before you could even plant your feet on the floor, Taiki erupted from the desk like a rocket. The sheer force of her sudden movement generated a gust of wind that sent a half-dozen sticky notes flying into the air. In a flash of green and tan, her massive, toned arms wrapped entirely around your torso, lifting you clean out of your office chair as if you weighed absolutely nothing.

The embrace was staggering. Your head was so high up above her own that you were nearly about to hit the ceiling. Her dense, powerful

muscles squeezed you tight against her midriff, her heart hammering like a stallion's hooves against your ribs. It was an absolute vice grip of pure, unfiltered joy—the classic Taiki Shuttle suffocating touchdown celebration.

"I knew you'd agree! Oh, Trainer, we are gonna have ourselves a total barn burner!" she cheered, spinning you around once in the cramped space before finally setting your feet back on the carpet.

"Air, Taiki... I need air," you wheezed, patting her shoulder as your lungs re-inflated. You smoothed down your wrinkled button-up shirt, looking up at her beaming, triumphant grin. "But under one condition. Look at me. I'm in a standard office shirt and slacks. If I walk into a fully committed Western event looking like a tired accountant, I'm going to ruin the entire atmosphere."

Taiki tilted her head, her fluffy ears perking up in curiosity as she scanned your outfit. "Huh? You look mighty pretty to me, partner!"

"We're doing this right," you said, a mischievous spark lighting up your own eyes as you grabbed your coat from the rack. "I'll sneak off campus for a bit. I'm going back to my apartment to change into something that actually looks like I belong at a rodeo. If my racer is going to be the proudest Westerner in Tokyo, her trainer isn't going to look like a tourist."

Taiki's eyes went wide, a massive, brilliant smile splitting her face as she practically vibrated in place. "Oh, color me excited! Cross my heart, Trainer, you are the absolute best! I'll see ya then!"

The dusty boots you'd dug out from the very back of your closet clicked against the paved walkway leading to the central plaza, the sound carrying a strange, thrilling weight. It wasn't a perfect cosplay—a slightly distressed denim vest over a fitted dark shirt, rolled sleeves, and a thick leather belt with a brass buckle you'd borrowed from an old theater club stash—but the moment you stepped into the shadow of the main archway, the sheer atmosphere of the Wild West swallowed you whole.

"Trainer! Over here, over here!"

A voice like a cannon blast cut through the ambient roar of country

fiddle music and the thick, intoxicating scent of charred hickory barbecue. Standing by the makeshift wooden saloon doors erected at the entrance was Taiki Shuttle, and holy hell, she was impossible to miss. She practically blocked out the sun, a magnificent monument of bright green ruffles and pure, unfiltered American exuberance. The moment her eyes landed on your outfit, her hands shot up in sheer, ecstatic approval.

Before you could even take a breath, she covered the distance between you in two massive, earth-shaking strides. Her boots—complete with brass vamps that caught the afternoon light—thudded against the dirt that the students had meticulously hauled in to cover the asphalt.

"Oh, look at ya! You look just like a real-deal bounty hunter!" Taiki cheered, her voice booming so loud that a couple of passing students winced.

She didn't hesitate for a single second. Her hand, encased in thick, supple brown leather that reached all the way up her mid-forearm, clamped down around your wrist. The grip was staggering—not painful, but completely, unyieldingly absolute. Her fingers wrapped entirely around your forearm, the heat of her palm radiating through the fabric of your shirt as she anchored herself to you.

"Come on, partner! Time's a-wastin' and the whole prairie is callin' our names!"

You were practically airborne as she spun on her heel, her thigh muscles flexing beneath her stockings as she dragged you into the thick of the crowd. The sheer scale of her presence was dizzying from down here; your shoulder barely brushed past her hip, the fringe of her leather half-skirt brushing against your arm as she towed you along like a dinghy behind a battleship, completely clearing a path through the throng of students.

The courtyard had been utterly transformed.

Everywhere you looked, umamusume were testing their strength and wit against carnival games. To your left, a couple of line-dancers were doing their best to keep in unison; to your right, the smell of roasted turkey legs and thick molasses glaze was heavy enough to make your mouth water.

"Taiki, slow down! The festival isn't running away!" you laughed, your boots skittering over the packed dirt as you tried to keep your balance against her relentless forward momentum.

"Well it ain't gonna come to us either, now will it? How about over there?" Taiki's head whipped around. She pointed a gloved finger toward a heavily decorated wooden facade labeled The Quickdraw Corridor. "They got a sharpshootin' gallery! With real-deal look-alike iron! I betcha I can hit a couple-o bull's-eye!"

She hauled you straight through the crowd, parting the sea of colorful hair and twitching horse ears until you were slammed right up against the wooden counter of the shooting booth. The student running the counter—a stressed-looking sophomore holding a clipboard—immediately took one look at Taiki standing in front of her and wisely handed over a pair of heavy, spring-loaded BB revolvers fashioned to look like authentic Colt Single Action Armies.

"Alright, Trainer! Let's see who's the fastest hand in Tracen!" Taiki crowed, her eyes sparkling with a competitive, hyper-focused fire. She slapped a handful of tokens onto the counter, her chest expanding slightly as she took a deep, excited breath, the bright green tied top stretching tight over her midriff.

"I don't think it's much of a competition when one of us actually has a holster on her hip, Taiki," you mused, lifting the heavy replica pistol. It had a decent weight, but in Taiki's hand, the revolver looked like a toy.

The targets flipped up thirty paces away—small, spinning tin plates shaped like cartoon bandits and vultures.

"On three! One... two..."

Before the word three could even fully leave your lips, Taiki was already a blur of practiced motion.

Crack-crack-crack-crack-crack-crack!

The sound of the spring-loaded mechanisms firing was almost instantaneous, a single, fluid stutter of mechanical violence. Taiki didn't even seem to be aiming through the sights; her right hand fanned the hammer of the replica with a speed that defied human sight, her wrist locking with absolute, rigid perfection to absorb what little tension the toy had. Down the lane, all six tin targets didn't just spin—they were struck with such terrifying accuracy and force that two of them broke clean off their hinges, clattering against the back wall.

She spun the toy revolver around her index finger with a casual,

mesmerizing flick of her wrist, dropping it flawlessly back into the wooden slot on the counter before the echo of the last shot had even faded from the enclosure.

"Clean sweep!" she cheered, turning back toward you, her face flushed with a brilliant, radiant grin that could melt a glacier. Her fluffy ears were standing completely erect, twitching with absolute pride.

The sophomore behind the counter just stared, her jaw slack, slowly crossing off the top tier of prizes on her clipboard.

You looked down at your own replica pistol, having only just managed to align your front sight with the first target. A slow, breathless laugh escaped your throat as you shook your head, setting the gun down. "Yeah... note to self: never get into an actual duel with you. That was terrifying, Taiki."

"Ehehe! Just standard operations for a Texas girl, Trainer!" Taiki beamed, leaning over the counter, her face coming down so close to yours that you could see the flecks of blue in her irises. She reached out, her massive gloved hand catching your wrist again, her thumb stroking against your skin with a surprisingly tender, heavy warmth. "But look! We got the big prize! Which means we get the extra-large bucket of sweet-corn fritters! Come on, my stomach is growlin' louder than a grizzly!"

The massive bucket of sweet-corn fritters Taiki tucked under her arm was easily the size of your office trash can, steaming hot and dripping with melted honey-butter that smelled like pure heaven. She didn't even use the little wooden forks the sophomore had handed over; instead, her gloved fingers dipped right into the pile, tossing the golden nuggets into her mouth with a satisfied, deep-throated hum that vibrated right through the air between you.

"Mmm! Now that is what I call a genuine taste of home, Trainer!" Taiki cheered, her ears swiveling forward as she offered the bucket down toward you. At her height, she had to lean over significantly. "Here, take a big ol' bite! You gotta fuel up if you're gonna keep pace with me!"

You reached up, your fingers brushing against the side as you took a piece. The contrast was ridiculous—your hand looked small against the massive, dense structure of her forearm. The fritter was incredibly sweet, the hot butter coating your tongue as Taiki watched you, her long golden tail swishing behind her so hard it was creating its own

localized breeze.

"Good, right? I told ya! Now, come on, they got the horseshoe toss just over the ridge!"

Before you could even swallow, that grip was back around your wrist. Taiki didn't just walk; she moved with an effortless grace that felt like being hitched to a freight train. She dragged you past a makeshift general store and straight toward a dirt pit where a crowd of students had gathered around a set of solid iron stakes.

The game was simple enough for humans, but for an umamusume, it was a test of absurd micro-control. A couple of regular racing girls were accidentally embedding the heavy iron shoes six inches deep into the wooden backstops, laughing and swearing in equal measure.

"Step aside, lil' fillies! The Shuttle is comin' through!" Taiki boomed, her voice cutting through the country fiddle music blasting from the speakers.

The crowd immediately parted, people watching the both of you as she stepped up to the line. She dropped the half-empty bucket of fritters into your arms, leaving you holding the massive weight while she picked up a heavy, rusted piece of iron that looked like it weighed at least ten pounds.

"Watch close, partner! It's all in the wrist and the hip!"

She rolled her shoulders, her body twisting as she aligned her eyes with the distant stake. With a casual, almost lazy flick of her forearm, she let the iron fly.

Clang!

It didn't just hit the stake; the horseshoe wrapped around the iron bar with such ferocious speed that sparks flew. She didn't even wait for the dust to settle before grabbing two more, launching them back-to-back with precision that completely defied the loose, hyperactive energy she usually displayed.

Clang! Clang!

"Leaner and two ringers! Yeehaw! " She spun around, her face flushed a beautiful, bright pink from the excitement, and grabbed you by the waist.

You let out a small gasp as she hoisted you straight into air, holding you effortlessly at eye level for a brief, dizzying second. Her round eyes were crinkled with pure, unadulterated joy, her messy golden sidelocks brushing against your cheeks. "Did ya see that, Trainer? Did ya?!"

"I saw, Taiki, I saw! Put me down before I drop the fritters!" you laughed, your hands resting on her broad, solid shoulders. The sheer density of her muscles under your palms was a constant reminder of the physical powerhouse you were responsible for training. She was pure, condensed power, wrapped in sunshine and a boundless desire to make you smile.

She slid you back down her front before her attention was caught by a massive mechanical contraption sitting in the center of the pavilion.

A giant, motorized bull covered was bucking and spinning inside a massive inflatable ring, currently throwing a screaming third-year straight into the padded walls. A digital timer overhead was flashing the record: 45.2 seconds.

"Oh... oh my," Taiki whispered, vibrating with a sudden, competitive hunger. Her long tail went completely rigid. "Trainer. Look-see. They got a wild one over there."

"Taiki, no. You're a professional athlete, if you twist an ankle on a mechanical bull, the board will have my head," you said, though the grin on your face told her you already knew it was a lost cause.

"No way, no how! These boots were made for ridin'!"

She didn't even drag you this time; she practically scooped you under one arm like a sack of grain, her long, powerful strides covering the distance to the attraction in seconds. She set you down right at the edge of the vinyl barrier, tossing her cowboy hat onto your head. It was massive, slipping down over your eyes until you had to tilt it back with one finger.

"Keep my hat safe, partner! I'm gonna go tame this monster!"

The student controlling the dial looked interested as Taiki vaulted over the inflatable wall with a single, effortless leap. Taiki straddled the heavy leather machine, her long, toned legs gripping the sides before the motor even started. She gripped the single rope with her left hand, shoving her right hand high into the air.

"Let 'er rip! Give me the Texas special!"

The operator slammed the dial to maximum. The mechanical bull erupted, twisting, plunging, and spinning with a violent, jerky velocity. But Taiki didn't even flinch. She moved with the machine, her hips absorbing the brutal torque, her skirt whipping around her waist in a blur of color. Her ponytail flew wildly, the star clip flashing under the afternoon sun as she let out a piercing, triumphant wail.

"Yeeeeee-haaaaaaw! Faster! Is that all ya got?!"

The timer ticked past thirty seconds, then forty, then smashed the record entirely. The machine was stuttering slightly, the electric motor whining under the sheer resistance of an unamused who refused to be moved. Taiki was entirely in her element,, laughing dynamically as the crowd gathered around the ring began to cheer and stomp their feet in rhythm with her bucks.

When the machine finally gave up, sputtering to a halt as the automated safety shutoff kicked in at ninety seconds, Taiki was barely breathing hard. She slid off the saddle, her face glowing, and looked straight through the cheering crowd to find you.

She vaulted the barrier, landing right in front of you with a heavy, dust-kicking thud. Without a single care for the dozens of students watching, she leaned down and snatched her hat off your head, replacing it with a wet, heavy, high-energy hug that completely enveloped your senses.

"We did it, partner! We broke the record!" she cheered into your hair, her heart thumping like a wild drum against your chest.

But even all the smaller festivities had to come to a close eventually.

The golden afternoon light had officially started to bleed out, staining the horizon in deep bruises of purple and burnt orange. Across the Tracen Academy plaza, the rustic frontier town didn't quiet down; instead, the oil lanterns and strung fairy lights flickered to life, casting long, dancing shadows across the way. The country fiddle music shifted, losing its casual, background hum and taking on a heavy, syncopated driving beat.

Everyone was making their way toward the central pavilion—a massive, open-air wooden deck decorated with hay bales and checkered banners, explicitly cleared out for the grand finale: Dancing.

"Come on, partner! They're tuning up the fiddles! If we don't shake a leg now, we're gonna be stuck watchin' from the cheap seats!"

Taiki was already glued against your side. Her skin was glistening with a light sheen of sweat from all the things you had done together today, catching the warm amber glow of the lanterns. Her ears pitched forward, twitching in perfect rhythm with the bass notes, and her tail lashing in hyperactive anticipation.

"Taiki, wait—hold on," you stammered, your face burning as you looked at the crowd of students and faculty swarming the wooden deck. You pulled back against her hand, your fingers sliding uselessly against the thick, supple leather. "I can't go up there. Look at everyone—they actually know what they're doing. I don't know the first thing about square dancing. I'll just trip over my own feet and make a fool of myself."

"Awwww c'mon!" Taiki let out a loud, dramatic gasp, spinning her body around so she was completely blocking your path, towering over you like a beautiful, golden wall. She leaned down, her eyes locked onto yours with a pout so devastatingly heavy it should have been illegal.

"You're my trainer! The second sharpest shooter on the prairie! You can't just leave your racer out here to dance with her own shadow! I'll get all lonely-hearted, Trainer!"

"I'll watch you from the sidelines! I'll be your biggest fan, cross my heart," you tried to play it off, offering a weak, embarrassed smile as you nervously adjusted the denim vest. "But line dancing? Partner swapping? I have two left feet, Taiki. Seriously."

"Then I'll just have to be your right foot!"

Before you could even utter another protest, Taiki's hand slid down from your wrist, her long fingers intertwining completely with yours in a heavy, uncompromising grip. With her other hand, she hooked her arm right under yours, locking you against her ribcage. The sheer physical density of her was overwhelming—her hip pressed flush against your flank as she effortlessly hauled you forward.

"A-Alright! Fine! Just don't swing me too hard!" you wheezed, completely powerless against the forward momentum of Taiki on a mission.

"That's the spirit!"

She dragged you right onto the center of the wooden deck just as the caller took the microphone, his voice booming over the speakers: "Honor your partner! Side pairs bow!"

The music erupted into a fast-paced, foot-stomping country frenzy. Instantly, the floorboards began to rattle under the synchronized weight of dozens of bodies. You panicked for a split second, completely frozen as the crowd began to move in a fluid, swirling vortex of boots.

But Taiki didn't let you drown.

"Just look at me, partner! Don't look at your feet!" her booming voice cut through the racket, full of an infectious, brilliant warmth.

She stepped backward, her legs flexing as she pulled you into the rhythm. Her grip on your hand tightened, solid and reassuring, while her other hand came down to rest flat against the small of your back. The heat of her palm burned straight through your shirt, guiding your weight before your brain could even process the steps.

"Do-si-do your partners all! Chicken in the bread tray pickin' up dough!"

"Now, step left! Slide! Give it the good ol' college try!" Taiki cheered, her eyes sparkling as she guided you through a basic four-step turn.

You stumbled, your boot catching on a groove in the wood, but before you could fall, Taiki's arm tightened around your waist, effortlessly hoisting your weight until you regained your footing.

She was so massive, so beautifully steady, that dancing with her felt less like executing a complex routine and more like being swept up by a gentle, high-energy hurricane. Your shoulder pressed right against her ribs.

"Hey... I'm actually doing it," you breathed, a breathless, genuine laugh escaping your lips as you successfully completed a full rotation, your eyes locked onto her radiant, flushed face.

"Aha! I told ya! You're a natural-born cowgirl, Trainer!" Taiki beamed, face filled with absolute pride.

Suddenly, the caller yelled: "Swing your partner round and round! Kick that dirt right off the ground!"

Taiki's eyes lit up with a mischievous fire. "Hold on tight, partner!"

Before you could even ask what she meant, she tucked you securely against her chest, her arm wrapping completely around your waist. She spun on her heel, her knee-length leather high-heeled boots striking the wood with a thunderous crack. The world became a complete blur of string lights, cheering students, and golden hair as she whirled you around in a massive, dizzying circle. Your feet literally left the floor, your body pressed flat against her e, feeling the heavy, rhythmic thumping of her heart right against your own chest.

When she finally slowed down, bringing you back to a gentle sway as the music transitioned into a slower, traditional promenade, she didn't let you go. She kept you tucked close against her side, her tail wrapping loosely around the back of your legs as you both caught your breath under the starlight.

"Ehehe," Taiki giggled, her face coming down close to yours, her warm breath tickling your ear as she squeezed you tight. "Best party ever, ain't that right, Trainer? I'm so glad I got you all to myself tonight."

And so the fiddles didn't tire out, and neither did Taiki. For the next couple of hours, the open-air wooden deck became your whole world, the heavy thud of leather boots, and the intoxicating, oppressive heat of her body shielding you from the crisp night air. Every time the caller switched the rhythm, she had you by the waist or the hand, her hands on you squeezing with a happy, heavy warmth that left you glimmering. You weren't just dancing anymore; you were entirely under her spell, riding the high of her boundless energy until your lungs burned and your thighs ached from trying to match her massive, ground-eating strides.

By the time the lanterns began to flicker out and the student coordinators started packing up the hay bales, you were completely spent, leaning almost your entire weight against Taiki.

"Whew! Talk about a real-deal prairie fire!" Taiki cheered, her voice dropping into a lower, almost tired register.

She was carrying the loot. And by loot, it meant she looked like a walking carnival prize rack. The massive, trash-can-sized bucket of sweet-corn fritters—now mostly empty save for a few buttery crumbs—was tucked under one arm. Dangling from her belt, right next to her silver revolver holster, were three oversized plush vultures she'd won at the shooting gallery, their cheap fabric wings flapping with every

step. On her head, her Stetson sat tilted at a rakish angle, her ponytail spilling out the back like a chaotic silk waterfall.

You walked arm-in-arm out through the makeshift wooden saloon gates, the dirt of the plaza giving way to the cool, clean asphalt of the main Tracen Academy exit. The silence of the midnight campus swallowed you both, a sharp, intimate contrast to the roaring country music you'd been drowning in all evening.

"I gotta say, partner," Taiki murmured, her eyes turning incredibly soft as she looked down at you, her long, fluffy blonde ears drooping slightly in a rare moment of quiet. She shifted her grip, her hand sliding down to catch your fingers, squeezing them until your knuckles pressed tight against each other. "When I first saw you sitting behind that big ol' mountain of paperwork today, my heart sank a smidge. I thought, 'Oh no, my trainer's getting all swallowed up by those scary numbers.'"

"You're impossible to say no to, Taiki," you laughed softly, your voice a little breathy as you rested your head against her upper arm. The dense, powerful muscle of her tricep was warm, radiating the leftover heat of the dance floor straight through your vest. "Besides... I think I needed to blow off some steam more than you did."

"I knew it! I hit the bull's-eye again!" She beamed, a radiant, triumphant grin breaking across her face as she stopped right under the warm amber glow of the campus gates.

She turned you, completely blocking out the rest of the world. The plush vultures rustled against her hips as she leaned down, her face coming so close you could see the faint sheen of sweat glistening on her collarbones, just above the knot of her red bandana. Her breath, smelling faintly of sweet honey-butter and citrus, fanned across your lips.

"Thanks for another fine day, Trainer," she whispered, her voice thick with a deep, liquid affection that made your stomach do a slow, delicious flip. She lifted her free hand, the leather of her glove brushing against your cheek, tracing the line of your jaw with a deliberate pressure that made it impossible to look away. "Seriously. Back home, my papa always said to cherish the ones who run beside ya through the mud and the sun. And cross my heart... there ain't nobody else I'd rather have holdin' my reins than you."

You looked up into those massive, glowing sky-blue eyes, completely

caught in the vice grip of her presence. "We're going all the way to the top, Taiki. Dirt or turf, remember?"

"Yeehaw," she giggled, the heavy, emotional weight of the moment melting instantly back into her signature sweetness. Before you could even blink, she dropped the prize bucket, wrapped both of her arms completely around your torso, and hoisted you clean off the pavement into a crushing, ribs-cracking embrace. Your face was buried directly into the soft, sun-warmed crook of her neck as she squeezed you like a vice. "Champions together! Now come on, let's get these prizes back to the dorms before Hishiana catches us out past curfew!"

End Notes

Does a cool backflip when you aren't looking

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!